

GOT OCEAN GROVE GOING WHEN SHE DRESSED AS MAN

Mrs. Monroe, Who With Husband's Togs on Cleaned Gutter, Glad.

DEFIED THE OLD FOGIES

Church People May Move Against Her, but She Made Authorities Sit Up.

(Special to The Evening World.)

OCEAN GROVE, April 13.—Mrs. William Monroe, who, dressed in her husband's clothes, cleaned out the gutter in front of her home, and thus shocked the good Methodist folk in the camp meeting city, was defiant when an Evening World reporter saw her at her house to-day. Mrs. Monroe wore conventional woman's clothing when the reporter called. The gutter digging suit, however, was brought out for inspection. Mrs. Monroe displayed the trousers with considerable pride and remarked that her escapade would have remained entirely unnoticed had it not been for the high wind of Friday, which sent her suit flying down the street.

"I suppose they will turn me out of the church," said Mrs. Monroe, who is a member of St. Paul's M. E. Church. "But I have done nothing wrong. Hasn't a woman the right to preserve her skirts from the mud if she has dirty work to do? A policeman has told me that if he had seen me he would have made trouble for me, but I had my skirt on underneath and the front door of my house was too close by for me to be caught by an Ocean Grove policeman."

Then Her Hair Fell Down.

Mrs. Monroe said she had complained time and time again to the camp-meeting officials about the puddles that formed in front of her house after every little rain. In vain she protested. Always she was ignored, and finally becoming indignant, decided to take matters into her own hands.

"I had told them that if they did not do something pretty soon I would remove the mud myself, but they only laughed at me," said Mrs. Monroe. "So after my husband had gone to work for a while, I took out my hair and school I set about my task. Going upstairs I pulled on a pair of my husband's trousers, which were a tight fit. I will admit. Then I got one of his old coats, and pulling a slouch hat far down on my head, I grabbed up a shovel and started on the mud. For a time things went all right, then I began to get tired. There was still much work to be done and I determined to finish it."

"Nobody had paid much attention to me until all of a sudden a gust of wind caught my hat and it went rolling down the street. My hair came down and before I could regain my hat and do up my hair two or three men had stopped and were looking at me with rude smiles. But I didn't care. I had a right to work and I had begun to get used to it."

"While I was shovelling my daughter came out and tried to get me to go back in the house. She wouldn't be still so I threw a shovel of wet sand at her and she didn't bother me any more. Before I had finished I had a gun to attract considerable attention. Of course it was embarrassing at first, but I determined that I would shoot those officials something, and I didn't quit until the gutters were cleared and in decent shape."

Those Staid Old Fogies.

"I suppose I have shocked some of those staid old fogies over here, but I wanted my gutters cleaned. I am expecting a visit from some of the officials every day to remonstrate with me, but I'm ready for them. If I had really done anything wrong it would have been different, but I only wanted to show them that I have some rights here, even if I am a woman. I understand they have said it was a crazy thing to do, but I guess it wasn't as crazy as some things they do."

"Funny thing about these camp-meeting officials, the very next day they sent some men around to fix the street. They seemed to be surprised when they found my gutters clean, but they didn't say anything. They make me tired. They must be in their second childhood."

Mrs. Monroe is a brunette of rather striking figure. She black eyes snap as she talks. She evidently regards her gutter-cleaning experience as something entirely conservative and legitimate, and laughs ironically whenever her neighbors tell her that she is going to be disciplined.

Dr. Ballard, chief ruler of Ocean Grove, has not been heard from yet, but it is expected the strong-minded lady will be reprimanded by the camp-meeting officials, although the later indications today are that the case will be dropped. There is nothing in the Methodist book of discipline that specifically covers the case. In fact, a fraction of the conventionalities, and church officials are at a loss to bring a suitable charge against her.

Mrs. Monroe, mean time, is looked upon as a heroine by the camp-meeting householders, who believe the incident will tend to revive the Ocean Grove street superintendent and bring about a better order of things in the community.

BRITAIN ON CONGO RIGHTS?

UNITED STATES TO JOIN

LIVERPOOL, April 13.—If by June next Belgium has not annexed the Congo Independent State on acceptable terms the British Government is determined, with the cooperation of the American Government, to take measures which will compel the Congo Government to observe its treaty rights, which have been openly and persistently violated. This was the announcement made at a meeting of the Congo Reform Association, at a meeting of that body.

Dr. Morel has been in close touch with the British Government and has had several conferences on this subject.

FRITZI SCHEFF HERE TO TESTIFY IN DIVORCE CASE

Baron Frederick Von Bardeleben, Her Husband, Practically Making No Defense.

Fritzi Scheff has come to New York in time to wind up her divorce suit, which she began some time ago against her husband, Baron von Bardeleben. The case is now being heard by a referee, and to-morrow the dainty prima donna will take her turn as a witness.

There is very little more testimony to take now besides that of the plaintiff, Edmond E. Wise, the referee, said to-day that he expects to close the hearing to-morrow.

Though the proceedings are sealed from public scrutiny, it has been pretty thoroughly established that the Baron is not putting in any substantial defense, any more than Alfred G. Vanderbilt defended himself in the suit brought against him.

The Baron entered an "appearance" by his attorney, and let it go at that.

The singer, when asked about the divorce proceedings and her plans, said:

"I do not care to discuss this divorce suit. As for my plans, I am going just as soon as I can to a place near Lakewood, where I may obtain a much needed rest for at least a day or two. I have travelled sixteen thousand miles since I left New York six months ago, and am tired out. But when I have rested it will be back to rehearsals and business again. All of my affairs are in the hands of lawyers and business representatives."

18 AT HARVARD

ARE DOWN WITH

SCARLET FEVER

Other Students Have Sore

Throats and Action Taken

to Prevent Epidemic.

(Special to The Evening World.)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 14.—Eighteen cases of scarlet fever have broken out at Harvard and the afflicted students have been hastily removed to Still Infirmary, the college hospital. Every precaution is being taken to prevent the further spread of the disease, but as scores of undergraduates are daily coming down with sore throats the authorities are much alarmed at the situation.

Some throats are the immediate cause for several being sent to the hospital, while others thus afflicted have been shipped off to their homes, not to return till after the spring recess, which comes next week.

The near proximity of this vacation is believed to be the most hopeful circumstance attending an epidemic. The entire college has been quarantined, the fever and the dormitories are being thoroughly fumigated, especially Hall, in which four cases developed.

Trainer Donovan is exerting every precaution to prevent the spread of the fever, and he says that none of the athletes are attacked, but some are reported sick with sore throats.

MRS. STOKES ASKS COURT FOR ALIMONY

Asks That Colonel of 23d Regiment Pay \$50 a Week and \$500 Counsel Fees.

John P. Nieman, counsel for Mrs. Elizabeth W. Stokes, wife of William A. Stokes, colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment, Brooklyn, made an application in the Supreme Court, that borough, to-day, for alimony of \$50 a week and a counsel fee of \$500 for his client.

Some time ago Col. Stokes sought to have his marriage to his present wife annulled on the ground that when he wedded her she had a husband still living. Justice Marston refused to grant the annulment when he learned that Col. Stokes had lived with his wife coquette, months after making the case.

Following the Court's adverse decision the Colonel appealed to the Appellate Division, where the case is still pending. Mrs. Stokes's counsel declared that the woman was penniless except for a \$10,000 house her husband had given to her. The Colonel's attorney retorted to this:

"Yes, Mrs. Stokes is penniless, except for the house and \$10,000 which she has on deposit in various banks. All of which her husband gave her. The remarkable statement was made by the lawyers that, although Col. Stokes still receives a pension from his marriage wife, he constantly calls on his wife, frequently dines with her, and now and then spends the night at her home."

MAN'S BODY IN THE RIVER.

Found in the Water Off West One Hundred and Eighty-fifth St.

Patrolman McCleary, of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station, today found the body of a man about forty-five years old, floating in the North River off One Hundred and Eighty-fifth street. The drowned man had a mustache, streaked with gray. The body was clothed in a brown serge suit, white shirt, white underwear, black socks and laced shoes. It was taken to the morgue.

Popular Singer and Actress, Suing for Divorce, in Two of Her Best Parts



Fritzi Scheff.

College Girl Cooks End the Dining Hall War at Columbia

Rebellious Students of the Pie and Cake Brigade Quickly Tamed by Salads and Lemonade "Cooked" by Pretty Experts.

By Rose C. Tillotson.

The college cook lady has come to town. No longer can Phyllis reign supreme in gastronomic realms, for a high brow variety of kitchen mechanics is the latest Queen of Pots and Pans. The day of the recherche chef is past and gone, too, for even his culinary arts have been eclipsed by the industrial doughnut.

The new disciplinarian artists, who have shed caps and gowns in order to don voluminous aprons, are installed in the cuisine of Columbia College, where piecrust has been causing as much trouble as the plunk did a year ago. But the cake crusade, organized by the starving students with the hope of being fed more than footpik portions at the commons, the dining hall on the campus, has come to an end, for the Teachers' College cooks from the domestic science department have solved the gastronomic problem by starting a reform in the university dietary system.

No Wonder They Scored. Garbed in ginghams, with fetching caps perched on blond or brunette heads, the college cooks make fascinating pictures as they flop a griddle cake or fry a dainty sausage. The morning youths have miraculously regained their appetites, and the dining room, which had presented an empty appearance for a month or more, is filled to overflowing, not only at eating time, but at dishwashing, drying, cleaning and every other possible time.

Books have been deserted, athletics are down and out, and the bread line is the sole point of activity on the college grounds. Little did the faculty dream of the evils of a feminine invasion into the kitchen, and when they accepted the aid of the Teachers' College in their culinary troubles, cooks have come and cooks have gone at the commons dining hall without a disturbing effect upon the student body, but the fair college cooks have already played havoc with the hearts of susceptible youth.

At least so says Harold Hathorne Smith, who led the fighting party in the recent war against the cuisine. Harold, who doesn't look as if he were suffering from lack of food even though he confessed he was forced to fast while the culinary war was raging, voted the intellectual cook ladies the bit of the college course.

"Yes, the fight is all up," he acknowledged when I inquired as to the outcome of the Pie and Cake Crusade. "We just had to give in when that bunch of corkscrew flew into the commons and handed out the food. And say, their cooking is the best ever, we all admit that. We used to positively suffer before those girls came to our rescue, for the food was on the burn—you could tell to feed a bird or beetle. We got so desperate we thought of joining the New Thoughtists and living on onions and sour milk, but the fellows were quitters after one meal and refused to grow pink diaphragms. But everything is different now," he added joyfully.

"What do the college cooks provide?" I asked, curiously.

"Well, in the morning we have chopped straw—none of those breakfast fads and boiled eggs and milk, and that really is plenty, you know," answered Harold R. Smith.

"At luncheon, potted ham, lettuce salad and lemonade, and at night, oysters and living on cold meat, Saratoga chips, cold sliced tomatoes, celery, onions and ice cream. So you

see how well we are treated. You bet there is no kick coming now, for everything is open to inspection. We can go through the kitchen, see the girls at work and just how everything is prepared, and I never before realized how interesting cooking is. Why, we all could spend hours having the art explained to us, and I think a class in cooking would be highly successful over here."

Lemonade Is Fine. "As for as I can see, everything is done by science, and the college cook can give the ordinary specimen one, say, three on how to turn out tempting dishes."

"How did the Teachers' College happen to collaborate with the Columbia faculty in settling the food question?" "Well, the report sent in by the committee to investigate conditions at Yale showed that their kick was justified, and that there was room for improvement in our cuisine. Miss Helen Kinney, of the domestic science department of the Teachers' College, was made a member of the committee organized to better conditions here. On Saturday the students were dazzled by the appearance of several Teachers' College cooks who had consented to try their knowledge of the culinary art over here. Well, they are a huge success."

"Do they make the kind of pies that mother used to make?" I asked the youthful enthusiast.

"Well, we haven't had any pie or cake yet," he acknowledged, "but," he added hastily, loudly defending the high-brow cook ladies, "they do make swell lemonade."

JULIA MARLOWE HERE, PROSTRATED

Actress Will Make Vigorous Defense in Von Herrmann Divorce Case.

Miss Julia Marlowe, who reached New York yesterday, after closing her theatrical season on Saturday night, is at the Plaza Hotel under the care of a physician and expresses physical inability to make any statement concerning the charges made against her in the divorce suit of Mrs. Clara Louise von Herrmann against Karl Stephen von Herrmann, Herbert L. Satterlee, Miss Marlowe's counsel, says that it will be two or three days before she can even discuss the matter with him.

It is Miss Marlowe's intention to make a vigorous defense, taking advantage of a provision of the law which allows a correspondent in a divorce action to go on the stand and defend his or her good name. Mr. Satterlee says that the Throckmold, who had been accused of misconduct with Von Herrmann, was once on the business end of her company, and that it was only by the exercise of supreme nerve that she was able to finish out the remaining few performances of her season.

KILLED BY FALL DOWN STEPS

Frank Bush, employed on the delivery wagon of a brewery, fell down a steep flight of steps leading into a cellar and fractured his skull to-day. He died a short time after in Governor Hospital. Bush was twenty-eight years old and lived at No. 23 Mesrore street, Brooklyn. He was carrying a keg of beer on his shoulders when he tripped.

FAVORS DIVORCE FOR DIETERICH FROM RICH WIFE

Referee Reports Against Woman Who Ran Away With Vanderbilt Trainer.

Attorney Jelenik, of Jelenik & Stern, applied to Justice McCall for a confirmation of the report of Samson Lachman, the referee, in the suit of Alfred E. Dieterich for absolute divorce from Edna Y. Dieterich, and judgment in accordance with that report.

Mr. Jelenik also asked Justice McCall to order the papers sealed.

"I will not make any such order unless there are some extraordinary circumstances warranting it," replied the Justice.

"There are such circumstances," said the lawyer, and the Justice said he would look into it.

Neither Mr. Jelenik nor Kearny & Davis, counsel for Mrs. Dieterich, would say what the referee recommended, but it was learned that Referee Lachman found the charges brought by young Mr. Dieterich, son of Charles E. Dieterich, a Standard Oil magnate, of No. 90 Fifth avenue, true and recommended that an absolute divorce be decreed in his favor with the exclusive custody of the four-year-old daughter of the marriage—Grace Dieterich.

Mrs. Dieterich is an heiress to \$800,000. The couple were married only five years when the husband alleged, Mrs. Dieterich left him and his baby daughter and eloped to Europe with Harry S. Bronckley, at the time Alfred G. Vanderbilt's horse trainer. That was Dec. 7, last.

Justice McCall reserved decision in the motion to confirm the referee's report. The book of testimony in such a case is sealed by the Appellate Division, without an order of the trial judge, as a matter of public property, only the decree being recognized as a public record.

BABY CAMEL BORN AT SEA.

Landed To-day With Twelve Others of Original Consignment.

The Austro-American liner Ida arrived here to-day from Mediterranean ports after a voyage of twenty-two days out of Palermo. The Ida landed thirteen camels, one more than the original consignment taken aboard at Palermo. One bull camel was born at sea last Tuesday during a gale. His mother, Zanzan, is doing splendidly, and so is he.

Some of the camels suffered severely from seasickness, but, according to Kall and Nais Cory, two brother Syrians, who had them in charge, camel health has not been in the least impaired. They will be shipped from here to the Chicago zoo.

FIVE BROTHERS

All Thought They Knew Good Coffee.

An amusing story comes from a veteran in Iowa. It shows how possible it is for not only one man to be mistaken about a matter, but four make the same blunder at once.

"Thirteen years ago," writes a Colonel of the late war, "I was a confirmed invalid, unable to attend to business. I had heart trouble and had to lie down."

"Deciding to consult a specialist, I told my wife I was going to Chicago for a few days on business, not saying what the main business was."

"On arriving in the city I went to see a man on a small matter and had to climb two flights of stairs. I could only go up two or three steps at a time, and this by hanging on to the railing. When I got to the man's office I was so exhausted I had to rest before I could state my errand."

"Next morning I sought out my specialist. He looked me over, asked me if I used tobacco or intoxicating liquors. I said no. Ever drink coffee? Yes, always have; in fact it is all I live on these days."

"Well, you just stop it entirely, said the doctor. Why, man, I gasped, what will I live on? Did you ever drink Postum?" he asked. I said no. Then he asked me where I was stopping and sent me to a restaurant with instructions to have them make me Postum.

"So I took my meals there, and really liked Postum from the start. I stayed more than ten days, and went home feeling much better. When I arrived at home I just picked up my suit case and walked home from the depot as spry as a kitten, and I'll not soon forget the happy, surprised look on my wife's face."

"When she opened the suit case she found two packages of Postum. She laughed at me and said we could get plenty at the store. I had always been finicky about my coffee, and my four brothers were all acquainted with the fine Java my wife used to make."

"We were all bankers and got together sometimes for a visit. About this time they all happened to be at our house and remarked that they expected some of Nettie's fine coffee. She called me out and said we must have some coffee."

"Make Postum just as you have been doing, I said. The boys were all about as I had been from drinking coffee. They complimented my wife on her 'Java' and drank two cups apiece."

"After dinner she told them it was not Java. What? No, it was Postum. Then she told them of my complete recovery since quitting coffee and using Postum. They all went away determined to quit coffee, and we are all to-day enjoying the pink of good health, and we attribute it largely to the use of Postum."

"That's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Lake, Mich.

TO SAVE MOTHER BOY SHOT DOWN HIS STEPFATHER

Fifteen-Year-Old William Fee Used Weapon He Had Taken from Stokeley.

Fifteen-year-old William Fee, of No. 105 Huntington street, Brooklyn, is a fugitive, charged with shooting his thirty-one-year-old stepfather, John Stokeley. Young Fee did the shooting in the fear that Stokeley, who was drunk and armed with a knife, would kill Mrs. Stokeley.

Mrs. Stokeley, a widow, thirty-four years old, with three children, married Stokeley seven months ago. She says that her son had to step in several times and save her from her husband, who was violent when under the influence of liquor.

Stokeley reached home late last night drunk and disorderly. He displayed a pistol and announced that he would use it if anybody in the house attempted to interfere with him. After a little time he went to sleep on a couch, first hiding the pistol under a pillow.

As he slept young Fee got the pistol. When Stokeley woke up and could not find the weapon he got a knife and started for his wife with it. The boy fled at him. The bullet entered Stokeley's left cheek, inflicting a superficial wound, the bullet being only of 22-caliber.

Before a policeman arrived young Fee had disappeared. Stokeley was taken to Long Island College Hospital.

MAYOR NOT TO ATTEND DENVER CONVENTION.

It Would Take From Twelve to Fourteen Days, and He Cannot Spare the Time.

Mayor McClellan this morning announced that he would not attend the Democratic Convention in Denver, although it was generally expected that he would.

In explaining his decision the Mayor said that it would require from twelve to fourteen days to go to and return from Denver, including the time it would be necessary to spend there, and that he is too pressed with business to spare the time.

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